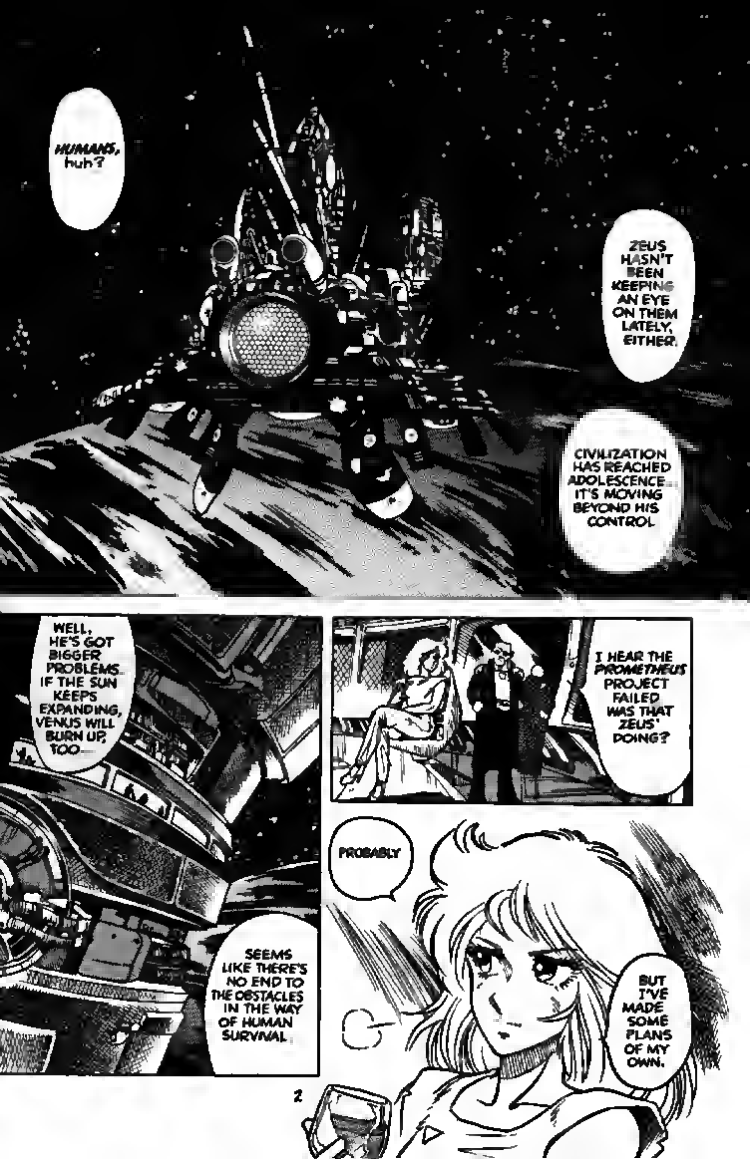
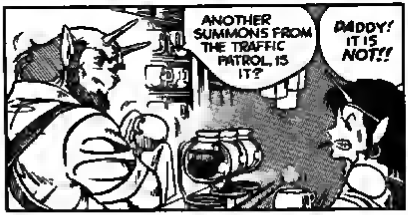
ECLIPSE INTERNATIONAL
Masamune Shirow's
seminal first work
BLACK
Magic
Book
Two
of
Four

BLACK MAGIC
by Masamune Shirow
Translation by Alan Gleason and Toren Smith
Lettering and Retouch by L. Lois Buhalis
Edited by Greg S. Baisden
PROLOGUE:
OPEN UP
NO EVIDENCE WAS EVER UNCOVERED ON VENUS TO LINK ZEUS WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARTIFICIAL SUN ORBITING EARTH. AND SO...


HUMANS, huh?
ZEUS HASN'T BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON THEM LATELY, EITHER.
CIVILIZATION HAS REACHED ADOLESCENCE... IT'S MOVING BEYOND HIS CONTROL
WELL, HE'S GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS. IF THE SUN KEEPS EXPANDING, VENUS WILL BURN UP, TOO—
SEEMS LIKE THERE'S NO END TO THE OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF HUMAN SURVIVAL.
I HEAR THE *PROMETHEUS* PROJECT FAILED WAS THAT ZEUS' DOING?
PROBABLY.
BUT I'VE MADE SOME PLANS OF MY OWN.

TELL YASHA AND GOKU TO MEET ME
AND HAVE SOLOMON PREPARE THE SHUTTLE
PARK THE SHIP AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, WOULD YOU?
DON'T MOVE IT INTO ORBIT!

MAIN STREET · SHIPBOARD COFFEE SHOP ONIMAL



WELL, WELL?
OMIMAL
Hmm?

Mr. SOHN GOKU... JUST THE FELLOW I WANTED TO SEE.
IT'S FROM TYPHON, RIGHT?
YES.

I'VE HEARD THE LATEST--THINGS MUST BE TOUGH ON YOU, TOO.
HANG IN THERE!

TING-A-LING
YO!

HEY, MONKEY FACE!
WANT AN APPLE?
YOU SHOULD TALK, DONKEY EARS!

I'LL HAVE A "BLUE MOUNTAIN" COFFEE.
OKAY!
Hee, hee.. THE MONKEY WANTS A MOUNTAIN!

HEY, HEY! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOUR STUPID JOKES!!

SHUTTLE HANGAR
THIS IS RIDIC-ULOUS!
JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
WASTING HALF A PAGE ON SOMETHING THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE STORY!?
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!
TYPHON!
HAVE YOU CHOSEN A LANDING SITE?
Hmm.. LET'S SEE.
PUT US DOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NORTH LOBE.
AYE, AYE!
SAY, TYPHON..

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ONCE WE LAND ON VENUS?
BLACK MAGIC, OF COURSE!
Huh?
YOU DON'T MEAN SORCERY USED FOR EVIL PURPOSES, DO YOU? YOU'VE NEVER--
ONLY ACCORDING TO ZEUS!
ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE DOING.
AND THERE'LL BE SPECTATORS, TOO...ZEUS AND HIS CRONIES.
DUNA TYPHON IS GOING TO BE MAKING HER FIRST BIG MOVE IN QUITE A WHILE!
Er... I REALLY DON'T THINK I GET IT!
?!
HAW, HAW! THAT'S NO SURPRISE!
SEE YOU LATER...

Black Magic Chapter Two:

BOOBY TRAP

BATTLEFIELD: Part One

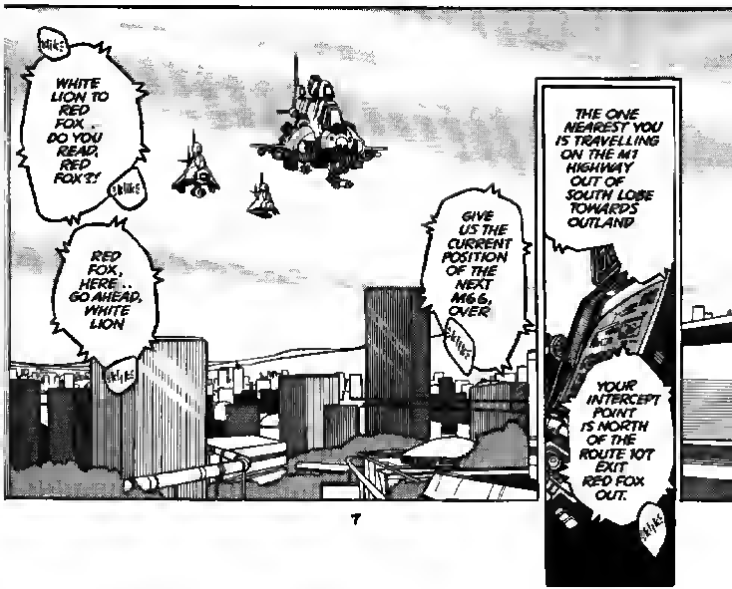
BKOOM
BEEP
MA-66
MA-
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
KCHAK
BKOOM

KSSH
KSSH
KSSH
WHOK
SKRANG
CHOK
KANGG
SKRAK

CHOK
KRANG

BEEP!
SKRAK
AAA!
KOOM
Whaaa
SKRAK
SKREE
SSSHHHHHHHH

WHMP
RIGHT!
YES, SIR!

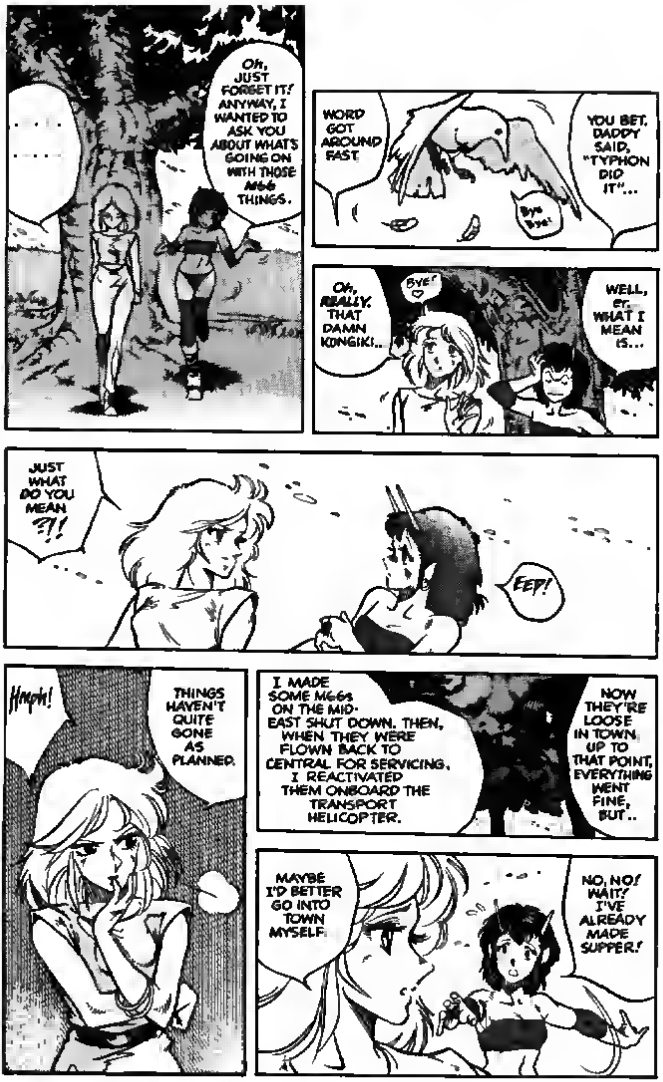

WHITE LION TO RED FOX... DO YOU READ, RED FOX?!
RED FOX, HERE.. GO AHEAD, WHITE LION
GIVE US THE CURRENT POSITION OF THE NEXT M66, OVER
THE ONE NEAREST YOU IS TRAVELLING ON THE M1 HIGHWAY OUT OF SOUTH LOBE TOWARDS OUTLAND
YOUR INTERCEPT POINT IS NORTH OF THE ROUTE 107 EXIT. RED FOX OUT.

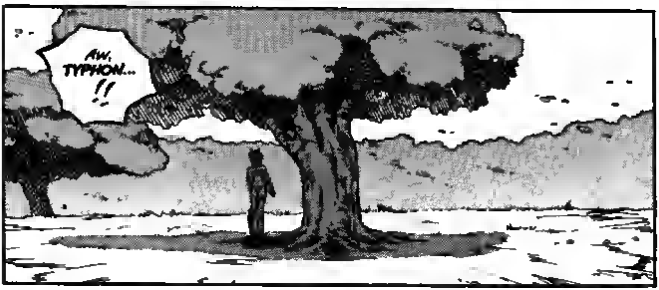
WE WON'T BE THERE FOR SEVEN MINUTES. RELAX.
YES, SIR.
Uh, CAPTAIN...?
CAPTAIN ADAMS, SIR?
YEAH?
YEAH, SURE... WHY NOT?
Aaahh.
Burp!
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE SOME?
YOU NEED A BREAK, TOO...
.....
.....
THE CITY'S DESERTED..
THEY EVACUATED EVERYONE TO THE SHELTERS.
WHY THE SHELTERS?
THEY DECLARE MARTIAL LAW?
THE TV AND RADIO ARE ALL SHUT DOWN. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.
THE CITIZENS HAVEN'T BEEN TOLD A THING-- THEY'RE ALL COWERING IN THE SHELTERS, POOR BASTARDS.

SO WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? ANY IDEAS, ROGER?
HOW THE HELL WOULD I KNOW, FOOL!
IT'S A LAST-DITCH EFFORT BY THE VENUS FEDERATION... TRYING TO HOLD ON TO POWER.
YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE HERE... THE INTELLIGENTSIA AND THE SERVICE CLASS HAVE TO CO-EXIST, WITH THE EXPECTED PROBLEMS
THE FEDERATION DOESN'T WANT THE AVERAGE CITIZEN TO KNOW THE ARMY USES ROBOT SOLDIERS FOR COMBAT.
AW, THOSE FRIGGIN' UPPER-CLASS JERKWADS!
MAKE ME SICK!
SO, WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THE ELITE IS MAKING OF THIS MESS?
COME ON! WHAT ELSE?
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO TAKE THE BLAME!
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH.
WE'VE GOT A MISSION TO TAKE OUT THE FOUR M66 UNITS THAT HAVE ENTERED THE CITY.
WE'RE SOLDIERS, NOT PHILOSOPHERS.
RIGHT. THIS M66 HAS AN INDEPENDENT INTERLOCK SYSTEM.
THIS NEXT M66 MAY BE THE ONE THAT WAS ENGAGED IN JOINT OPS WITH THE LAST UNIT
YOU MEAN THE ONE THAT GOT OUT WHEN WE DROVE THEM INTO THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE?

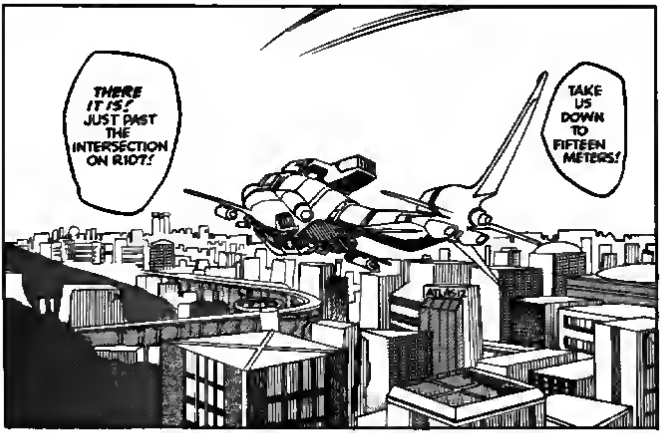
NORTH LOBE
EXCUSE ME...
JERK! WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?! YOU SCARED THEM ALL AWAY!

ABOUT THE POWER OF THE KUTA SWORD...
DUNA TYPHON
HOW DARE YOU READ OTHER PEOPLE'S MINDS!
GET LOST!
ABOUT THE ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-THREE SORCERIES...
I SAID LEAVE ME ALONE!
WAIT.. IS THAT YOU, YASHA...?
DUNA TYPHON
MY, MY! AREN'T WE TOUCHY TODAY!! WHATEVER IS THE MATTER WITH MISS DUNA TYPHON?
I CAN'T ABIDE THAT SORT OF HUMAN--WHETHER IT'S ONE OF YOUR PHANTOMS OR NOT!
YOU WANT SOME-THING?
I LIKE YOUR FACE WHEN YOU GET THAT AGGRESSIVE LOOK
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MALE, eh? HA, HA!


OH, JUST FORGET IT! ANYWAY, I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THOSE M66 THINGS.
. . .
. . .
WORD GOT AROUND FAST.
YOU BET. DADDY SAID, "TYPHON DID IT"...
BYE BYE!
OH, REALLY. THAT DAMN KONGIKI..
BYE!
WELL, ER, WHAT I MEAN IS...
JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?!?!
EEP!
Hmph!
THINGS HAVEN'T QUITE GONE AS PLANNED.
I MADE SOME M66s ON THE MID-EAST SHUT DOWN. THEN, WHEN THEY WERE FLOWN BACK TO CENTRAL FOR SERVICING, I REACTIVATED THEM ONBOARD THE TRANSPORT HELICOPTER.
NOW THEY'RE LOOSE IN TOWN. UP TO THAT POINT, EVERYTHING WENT FINE, BUT..
MAYBE I'D BETTER GO INTO TOWN MYSELF.
NO, NO! WAIT! I'VE ALREADY MADE SUPPER!

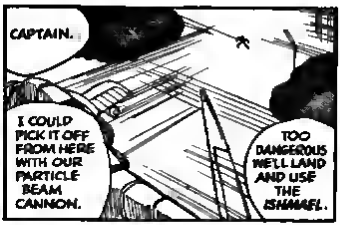


BATTLEFIELD: Part Two

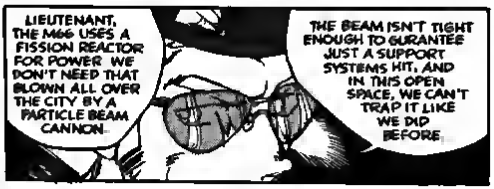


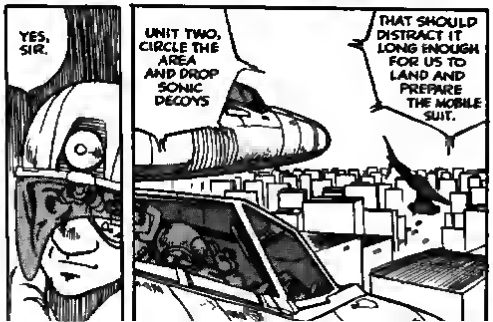
BEEP

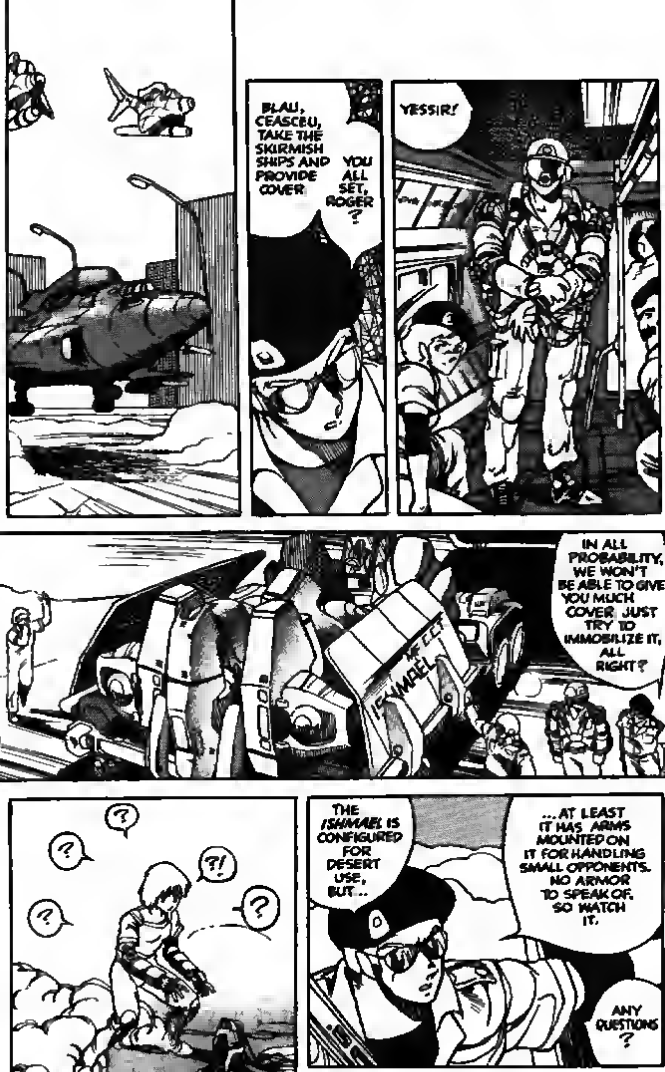
IT'S PAST ..
JUST THAT PARTICULAR MODEL. IT'S A BIT FASTER THAN OFFICIAL SPECS SAY.


CAPTAIN.
I COULD PICK IT OFF FROM HERE WITH OUR PARTICLE BEAM CANNON.
TOO DANGEROUS WE'LL LAND AND USE THE ISHMAEL.

ROGER, PUT ON THE INTERFACE SUIT. I'LL NEED THE MOBILE SUIT FOR SUPPORT.
CAPTAIN, I REALLY THINK WE SHOULD-

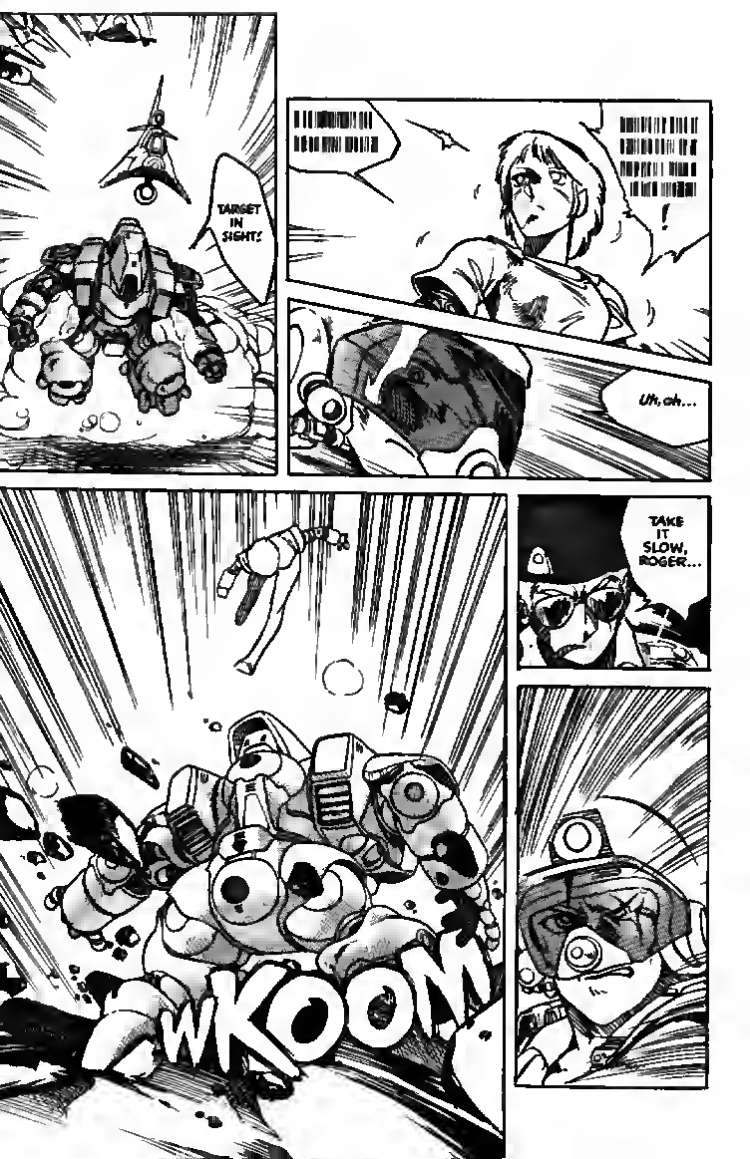

LIEUTENANT, THE M66 USES A FISSION REACTOR FOR POWER WE DON'T NEED THAT BLOWN ALL OVER THE CITY BY A PARTICLE BEAM CANNON.
THE BEAM ISN'T TIGHT ENOUGH TO GURANTEE JUST A SUPPORT SYSTEMS HIT, AND IN THIS OPEN SPACE, WE CAN'T TRAP IT LIKE WE DID BEFORE.

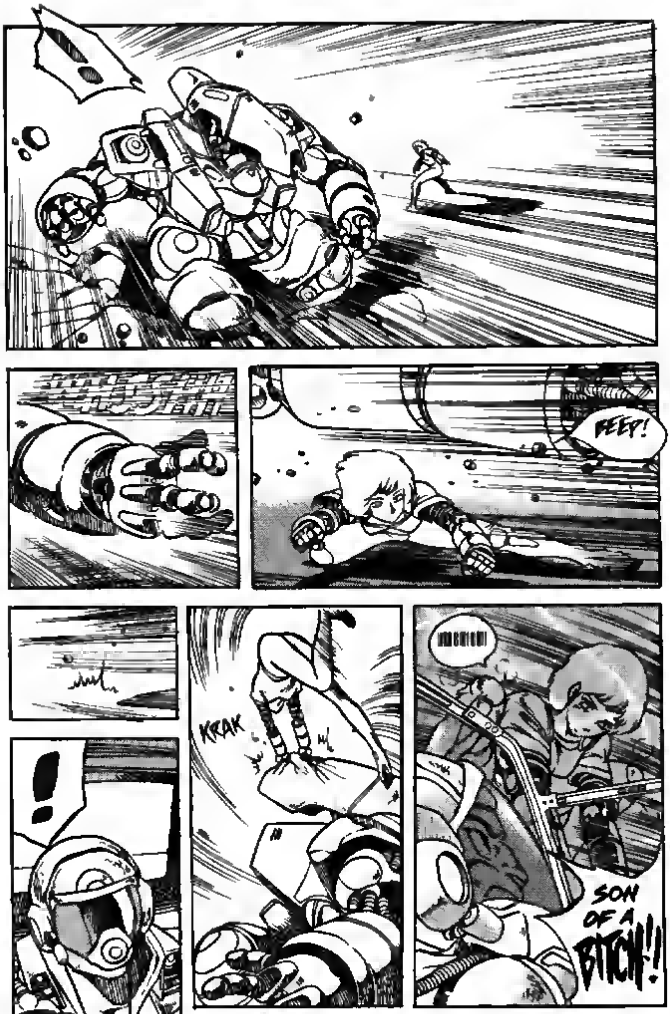

YES, SIR.
UNIT TWO, CIRCLE THE AREA AND DROP SONIC DECOYS
THAT SHOULD DISTRACT IT LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO LAND AND PREPARE THE MOBILE SUIT.


BLAU, CEASCEU, TAKE THE SKIRMISH SHIPS AND PROVIDE COVER.
YOU ALL SET, ROGER?
YESSIR!
IN ALL PROBABILITY, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU MUCH COVER. JUST TRY TO IMMOBILIZE IT, ALL RIGHT?
ISHMAEL
?
?
?!
?
?
THE ISHMAEL IS CONFIGURED FOR DESERT USE, BUT...
...AT LEAST IT HAS ARMS MOUNTED ON IT FOR HANDLING SMALL OPPONENTS. NO ARMOR TO SPEAK OF, SO WATCH IT.
ANY QUESTIONS?

THE M-66 IS MORE MANEUVER-ABLE ONLY IN THE SENSE THAT IT DOESN'T HAVE A PILOT.
YOU SHOULD THINK OF ITS POWER AS EQUAL TO YOUR OWN.
REMEMBER TO DO THINGS A ROBOT CAN'T. DON'T GIVE AWAY YOUR BIGGEST ADVANTAGE
YOUR OPPONENT IS MERELY A MACHINE. DON'T FORGET THAT.
BEEP
WHEEEEEE
BEEP
INTERFACE COMPLETED.
CLEAR THE AREA!

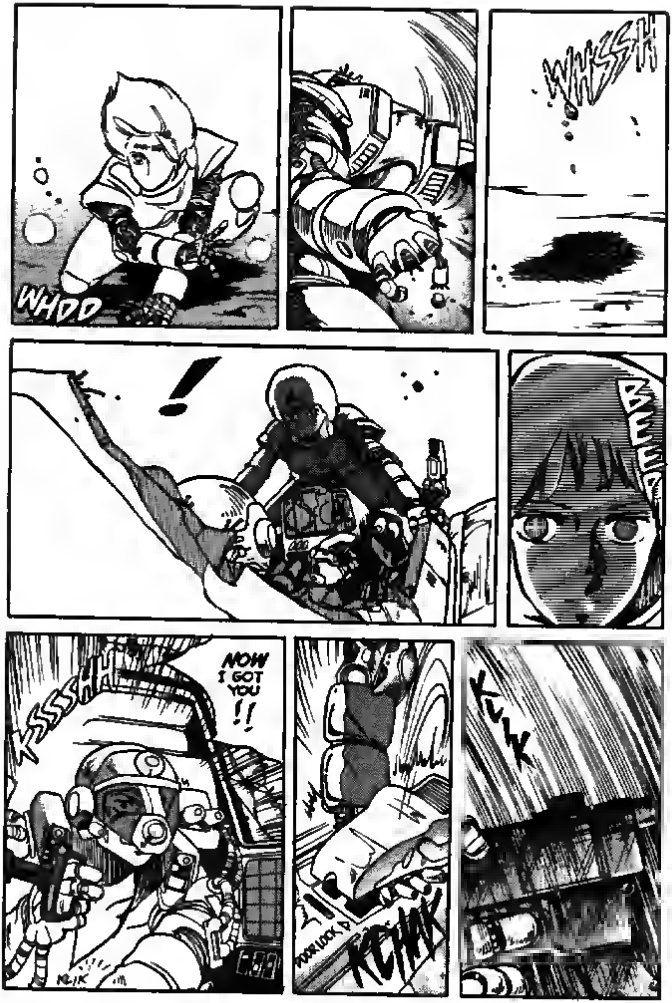
KLIK
KLIK
KANG
KNAK
ON MY WAY, CAPTAIN
VVRREEEEE
CHAK
KSHOOM
CAPTAIN, THE M-66 HAS LOCKED IN ON US!
CEASCU, COME AROUND FROM BEHIND ON THE RIGHT FLANK BLAU, YOU FOLLOW ROGER THROUGH THE MIDDLE

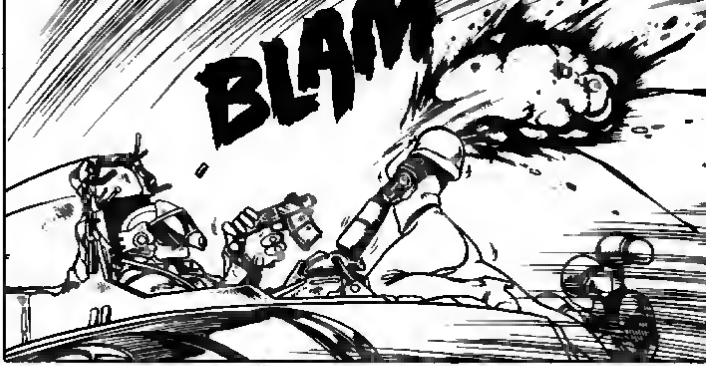

TARGET IN SIGHT!
!
Uh, oh...
TAKE IT SLOW, ROGER...
WKOOM


FEEP!
KRAK
SON OF A BITCH!!

ROGER! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
ROGER! YOU CAN'T BREAK THE REACTOR VESSEL WITH THAT SUIT!
HIT IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN!!
SKRAK
HNNG!
THAT IDIOT!!
WE CAN'T COVER HIM NOW!
BRRTTT
WRAMM
SHI--!

DAMN YOU!!
KANGG
SKRANGG
KREE
BEEP! BEEP!
?!


WHDD
WHSSH
!
BEEP
!SSSH
NOW I GOT YOU !!
KCHK
KUNK


BLAM

HAH!
CHAK
CHAK
BLAM

MISSION ACCOM-PLISHED, CAPTAIN
ANOTHER HEADLESS ONE... SORRY ABOUT THAT.
NO PROBLEM. AS LONG AS YOU'VE STILL GOT YOURS.
YOU HAD CEASCEU WORRIED FOR A MINUTE THERE, ROGER!
HEY!!
YOU, TOO!

WE'RE LEAVING THE TWO REMAINING M66s TO THE GRUNTS IN THE 42ND, eh?

YEAH, WELL ...THE M66s BELONGED TO THE 42ND IN THE FIRST PLACE.
FIGURE THEY DON'T WANT TO RELY ON US SPECIAL FORCES TYPES MORE THAN THEY HAVE TO.
BUT THE 42ND ARE JUST REGULAR TROOPS... THINK THEY CAN DO IT?

GOOD QUESTION.
STILL, THEY ACTED CONFIDENT WHEN I ASKED THEM ABOUT IT.

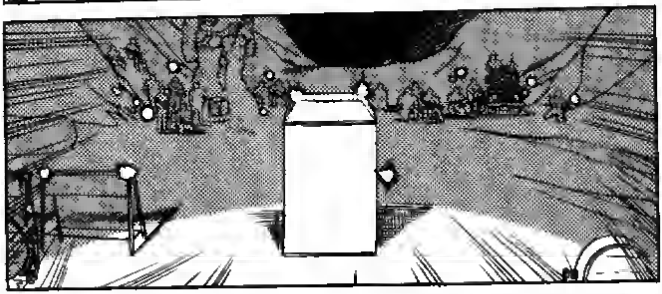
Huh...

RED FOX HERE...
THE NEXT M66 IS RUNNING ALONG THE MAIN HIGHWAY FROM SOUTH LODE THROUGH DIPHLODIA. THE 42ND IS DEPLOYED BETWEEN THE CITIES.
WHAT THE HELL?! BETWEEN THE CITIES?! DIPHLODIA HASN'T EVEN BEEN ALERTED YET! WHAT THE HELL IS THE 42ND UP TO?!

WELL, I'LL TRY TALKING TO THEM AGAIN.
KRIK
WHITE LION HERE... COME IN, RED FOX.
KRIK

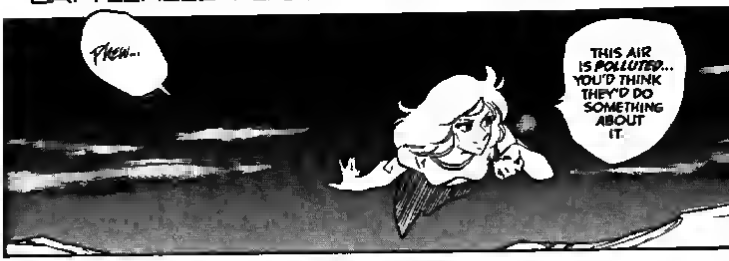
EITHER THEY HAVE A DEFINITE PLAN IN MIND FOR DESTROYING THE M66, OR THEY'RE OUT TO LUNCH. NO BETS!
CAPTAIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
Hmm. CAPTAIN BARRIS IS WITH THEM. HE'LL KEEP THEM OUT OF TROUBLE.
STILL, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT.
IN THE MOUNTAINS BETWEEN DIPHLODIA AND SOUTH LOBE
COM-MANDER!
WHAT IS IT?
MES-SAGE FROM CAPTAIN ADAMS, SIR!
I KNOW WHAT IT SAYS.. DON'T BOTHER READING IT
MY ASS IS ALREADY ON THE LINE FOR LETTING THOSE M66s ESCAPE I CAN'T LEAVE ANY MORE OF THIS JOB UP TO HIM..
IS IT READY YET, Dr. MATTHEW?
KCHIK
ANY TIME, COM-MANDER.
AND NOW..
...I'LL DEMONSTRATE WHY MOBILE SUITS ARE A THING OF THE PAST.

TELL ME, DOCTOR..
HOW WHAT'?
DO YOU HAVE TO DESTROY IT?
THEY'RE WORTH 12 MILLION EACH—
NOW, NOW...
IT'S JUST A ROBOT, AFTER ALL.
WHEN THE M66 RECEIVES AN ATTACK COMMAND, IT ATTACKS ANYTHING THAT MOVES, ABOVE A CERTAIN SIZE, OR ANY METALLIC OBJECT WITH A HEAT SOURCE ABOVE A CERTAIN LEVEL.
WHEN IT RECEIVES A "RETURN-TO-BLOCK" COMMAND, IT RETURNS TO ITS ANCHOR BLOCK "BED" UNTIL THEN, IT FIGHTS AS REQUIRED BY ITS PROGRAMMING.
IT CAN'T BE AFFECTED BY ANY OTHER COMMANDS-- IT JUST FIGHTS.
THE "BEDS" FOR THESE M66s WERE LOST ALONG WITH THE TRANSPORT HELOS CARRYING THEM. THEY'RE LIKE WASPS WITHOUT A HIVE TO RETURN TO.
WHAT A WASTE..
HEY, THEY'RE JUST TOOLS, COMMANDER!
SO THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THEM, EXCEPT BY DESTROYING THEM.
JUST LIKE REAL SOLDIERS... HAW, HAW!
GOD, I LOVE THIS KIND OF STUFF! Hee, hee, hee..

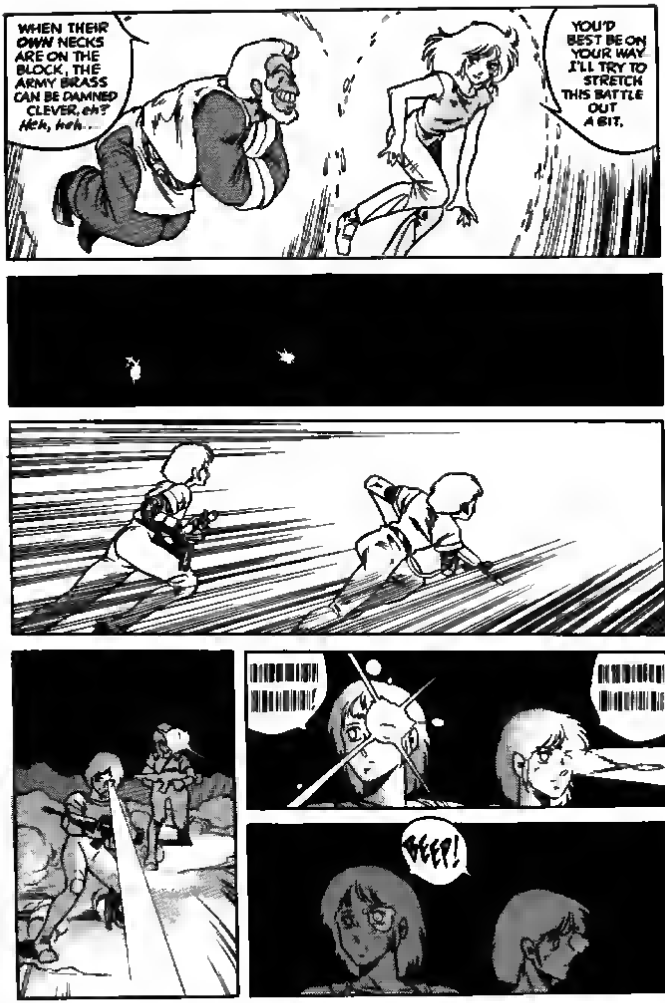


BATTLEFIELD: Part Three

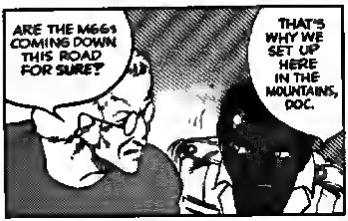
IN THE AIR ABOVE THE NORTH LOBE/ DIPHLODIA MOUNTAINS



WELL!
IF IT ISN'T GOKU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT AM I DOING HERE.? ODD QUESTION!
ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU BROUGHT YASHA AND ME ALONG FOR?
DON'T BE A SMART ALECK. ANYWAY, THE FACT THAT YOU'VE FIGURED OUT SOMETHING'S GOING ON SHOWS YOU'RE MORE MATURE THAN YASHA.
OR MAYBE I'M JUST SMART LIKE A MONKEY, eh? Heh, heh!
ARE YOU BRAGGING, OR WHAT?
OF COURSE! ANYWAY, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
Hmm...
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO TEOTIHUACAN FOR ME?
INFORM ZEUS ABOUT THIS INCIDENT.
AND DO IT QUICKLY, ALL RIGHT?
THE MILITARY HASN'T TOLD ZEUS ABOUT THE ESCAPE OF THE M66 UNITS
I WONDER HOW THEY KEPT THE LOCAL EXECUTORS FROM TALKING...

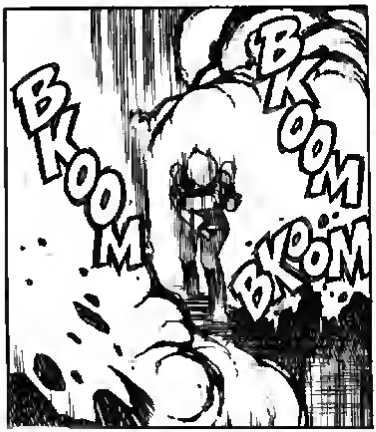

WHEN THEIR OWN NECKS ARE ON THE BLOCK, THE ARMY BRASS CAN BE DAMNED CLEVER, eh? Heh, heh...
YOU'D BEST BE ON YOUR WAY. I'LL TRY TO STRETCH THIS BATTLE OUT A BIT.
BEEP!

SEEMS LIKE THEY'VE LOCKED ON TO OUR LOCATION. THEY'VE SLOWED DOWN TO 40 MPH
AT LAST!! A REAL BATTLE FOR MY SWEET LITTLE MA-77!!
OH BOY OH BOY OH BOY!
BEEP
KSSHHH
KSSHHH
KAWG
KAWG
MMMM
MMMM


ARE THE M60s COMING DOWN THIS ROAD FOR SURE?
THAT'S WHY WE SET UP HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS, DOC.

BEEP

COMMENCING ACTION, SIR!
EXCELLENT!

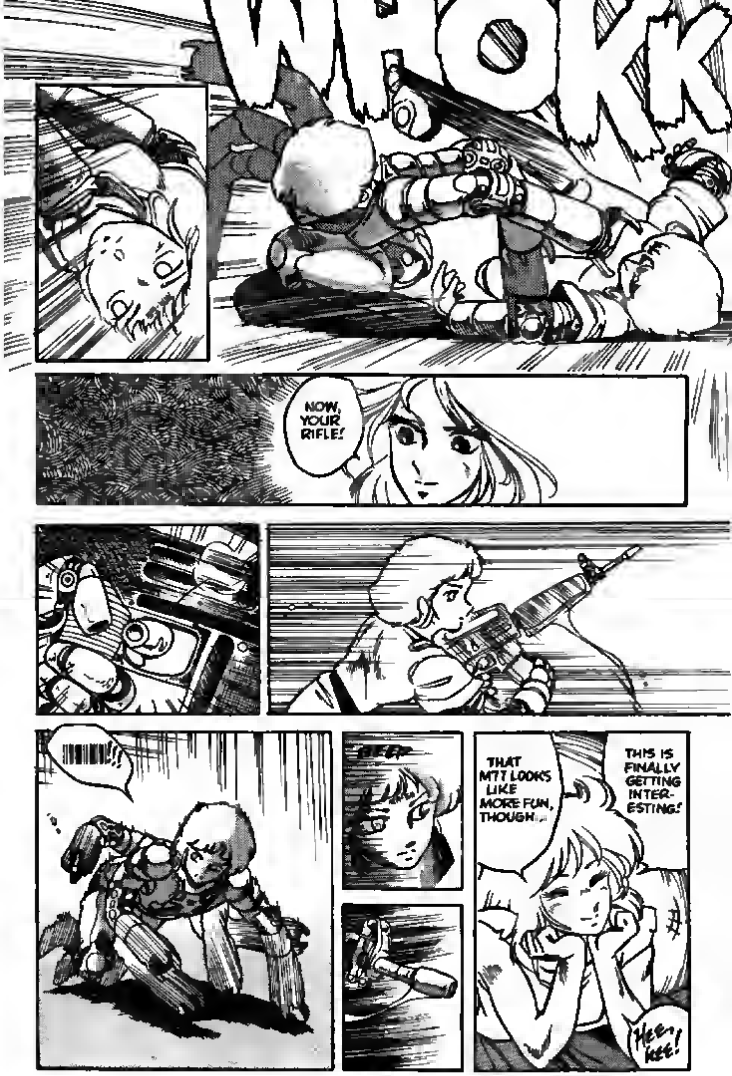

BKOOM
BKOOM
BKOOM

YOU'RE SURE IT DOESN'T NEED ANY SUPPORT?
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, COMMANDER... JUST RELAX! LEAVE IT TO THE MA-T7, AND BE SURE TO GET IT ALL ON VIDEO!

BOOM
WHOOSH
BOMF!
BRRTT

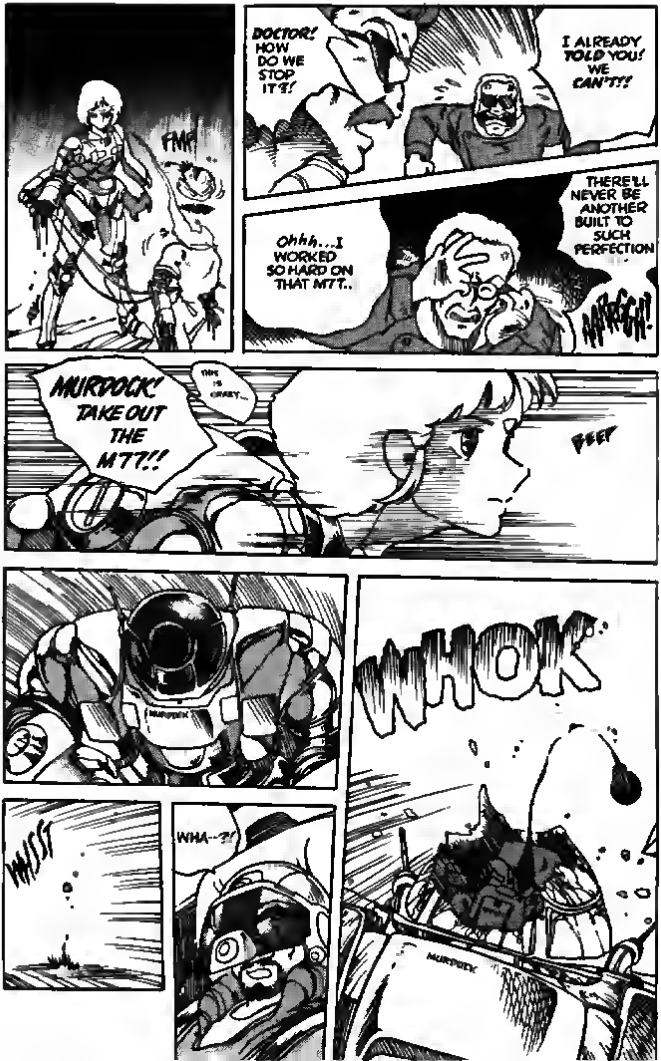
KRANG
SPAKK
SKNCH

SKRAK
WOW, THEY'RE REALLY GOING AT IT...
WELL, THIS JUST WON'T DO!
KANG
WHD
KSSHH
ZZKK
NE-66
WE CAN'T HAVE IT ENDING SO QUICKLY..
HEY! DON'T JUST LIE THERE! YOUR ENEMY'S JOINTS ARE LOCKED! USE YOUR LEGS!

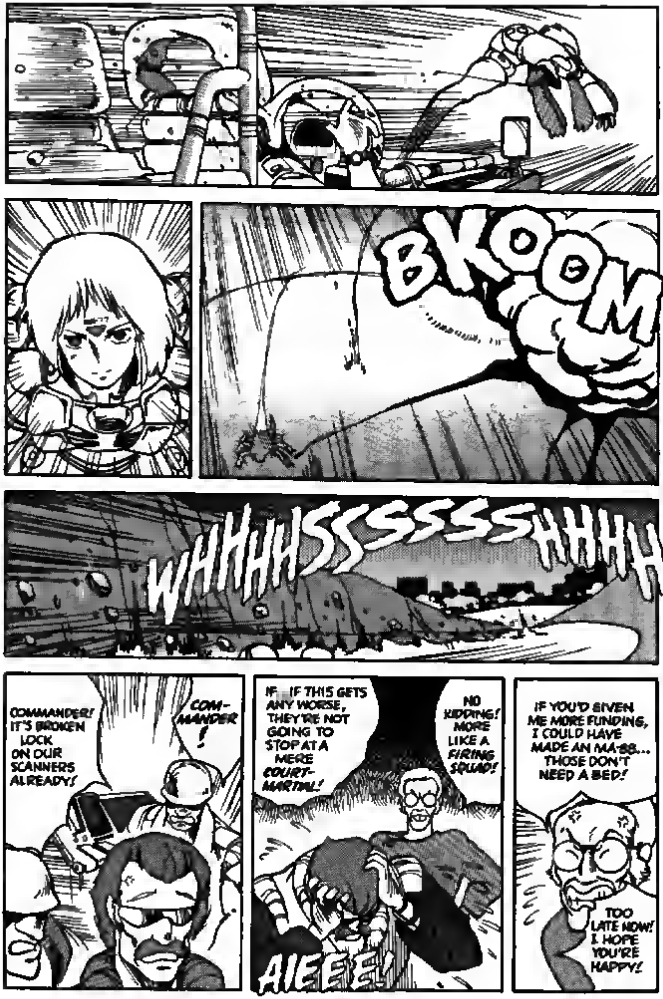

WHOKK
NOW, YOUR RIFLE!
CLICK
BEEP
THAT M77 LOOKS LIKE MORE FUN, THOUGH...
THIS IS FINALLY GETTING INTERESTING!
Hee-hee!

BKOOM
BKOOM
BKOOM
WHOOSH
WHOOSH

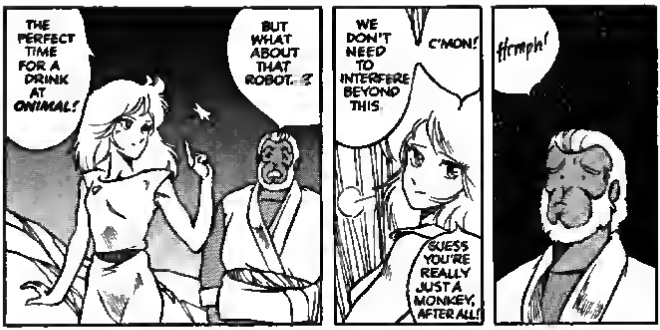
SKRANGG
BLOOM
KRAK
WRAMM
YAAHUH!
THE BED!!


FMP
DOCTOR! HOW DO WE STOP IT?!
I ALREADY TOLD YOU! WE CAN'T!!!
THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER BUILT TO SUCH PERFECTION
Ohhh...I WORKED SO HARD ON THAT M7?..
AAAAGGH!
MURDOCK! TAKE OUT THE M7?!!
THIS IS CRAZY...
BEEP
MURPHY
WHOK
MURPHY
WHISSS
WHA--?!

WHOK
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
DON'T MOVE! STAY STILL!
IF YOU DON'T MOVE, IT WON'T GO AFTER YOU!
AIEEEE!!!
VRMMMM
STOP, YOU IDIOT!
SKREEEEEEEEE
VRM-M
WHDD
SKCHH


BKOOM
WHHHHSSSSSSHHHH
COMMANDER! IT'S BROKEN LOCK ON OUR SCANNERS ALREADY!
COM-MANDER!
IF... IF THIS GETS ANY WORSE, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STOP AT A MERE COURT-MARTIAL!
NO KIDDING! MORE LIKE A FIRING SQUAD!
AIEEE!
IF YOU'D GIVEN ME MORE FUNDING, I COULD HAVE MADE AN MA-88... THOSE DON'T NEED A BED!
TOO LATE NOW! I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY!

ALL TAKEN CARE OF!
Sob!
NATURALLY, THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE AS TO WHAT WE'RE UP TO.
EVERYONE OVER AT ZEUS' HQ MUST BE GOING BERSERK BY NOW!
WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT TO SEE FOR YOURSELF?
YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED!
SO WHY SHOULD ZEUS AND THE OTHERS GET SO FLIPPED-OUT OVER THIS LITTLE PROBLEM?
I DON'T GET IT.
NO, YOU SECOND-GENERATION TYPES WOULDN'T...
THIS IS A SAD EVENT FOR THE BIOROIDS. THEY CAN ONLY REIGN AS TOOLS...
...AND NOW THEY'RE FORCED TO SEE WHAT TERRIFYING CREATURES HUMANS CAN BE!
LET'S GO. OUR WORK HERE IS FINISHED.
=Yawwn=
Huh?


THE PERFECT TIME FOR A DRINK AT ONIMAL!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT ROBOT...?
WE DON'T NEED TO INTERFERE BEYOND THIS.
C'MON!
GUESS YOU'RE REALLY JUST A MONKEY, AFTER ALL!
Hrmph!

END BATTLEFIELD Part Three

BLACK MAGIC™ Book 2 of 4, June 1990.
Published by Eclipse International
P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, CA 95436.
Greg S. Baisden, editor
Catherine Yronwode, editor-in-chief • Dean Mullaney, publisher
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Black Magic logo designed by Tom Orzechowski.
In this English edition of *Black Magic* the artwork has been reversed to read left-to-right for the American audience.

Millennia ago, human life existed only on Venus—under command of supercomputer Nemesis, which generated an elite "Executor" class of biorolds to defend the Venusian Federation. In time, the Executors dwindled, but their most successful comrade, Zeus, became the Federation's civilian ruler. Though further biorold production was banned, Nemesis secretly crafted a final Executor—Typhon—and raised her hidden among the civilian population. This second chapter of *Black Magic* lays the foundation of the popular anime *Black Magic M-66* unfolds Typhon's plan to depose Zeus, challenging him with citywide deployment of M-66 combat robots—automaton's programmed for selective disruption and destruction of the city's vital buildings and operations. Zeus' military engineers respond in kind, unleashing one of their new M-77 combat robots to a desperate attempt to stop the M-66. Typhon and her allies struggle on, trying to buy time for their main objective: the disconnection of Nemesis—driven to the brink of insanity by contradictory program imperatives!

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